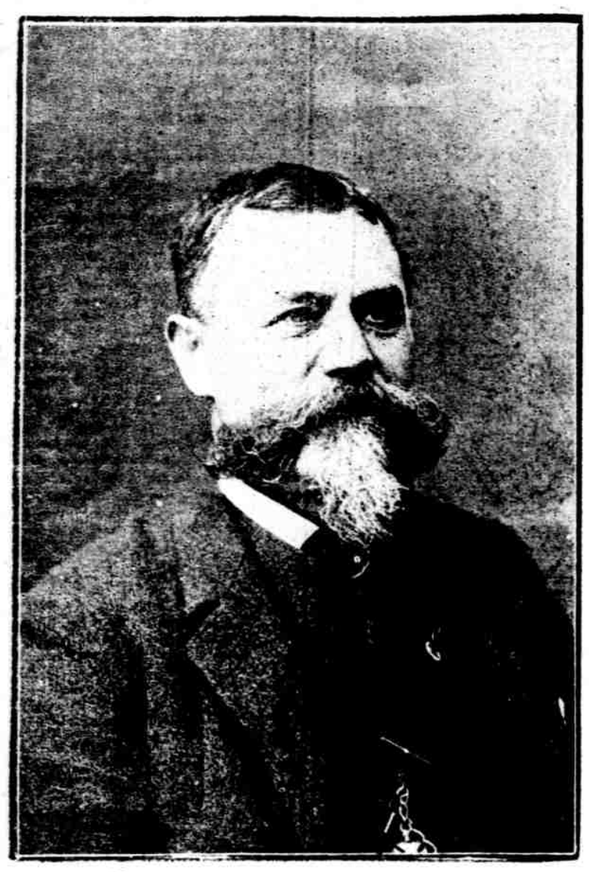
HE WILL SERVE AMERICAN CORNBREAD AT PARIS.



MAJOR SIMON PETER GROSS.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Lexington, Ky., March 10.—Major Simon Peter Gross, the Lexington man who will have charge of the American Restaurant at the Paris Exposition, is one of the most unique characters in Kentucky. He is a native of Bavaria, where he was born about fifty years ago. He is said to have seen service in the German Army, hence his title.

He came to Lexington about twenty-five years ago and opened a saloon. He was prosperous until there was a shooting affray in his place of business. At length he sold out his business and engaged in the making and putting down of artificial stone pavements. He was the pioneer in this work here, and the miles of fine pavements are a monument to his enterprise and persuasive powers.

Major Gross was still engaged in this business when the World's Fair began to be talked of in the newspapers. When he learned there was going to be a Kentucky building he importuned leading Kentucky politicians, with all of whom he was on the best of terms, to secure for him the privilege of establishing a restaurant and bar in the Kentucky building, where Kentucky dishes and drinks could be secured. His energy and perseverance secured the concession, and he was so successful in his venture that he cleared above all expenses something over $35,000.

While conducting this establishment he made many friends of distinguished men all over the Union, and these have materially assisted him in securing the concession for the American Restaurant at the Paris Exposition.

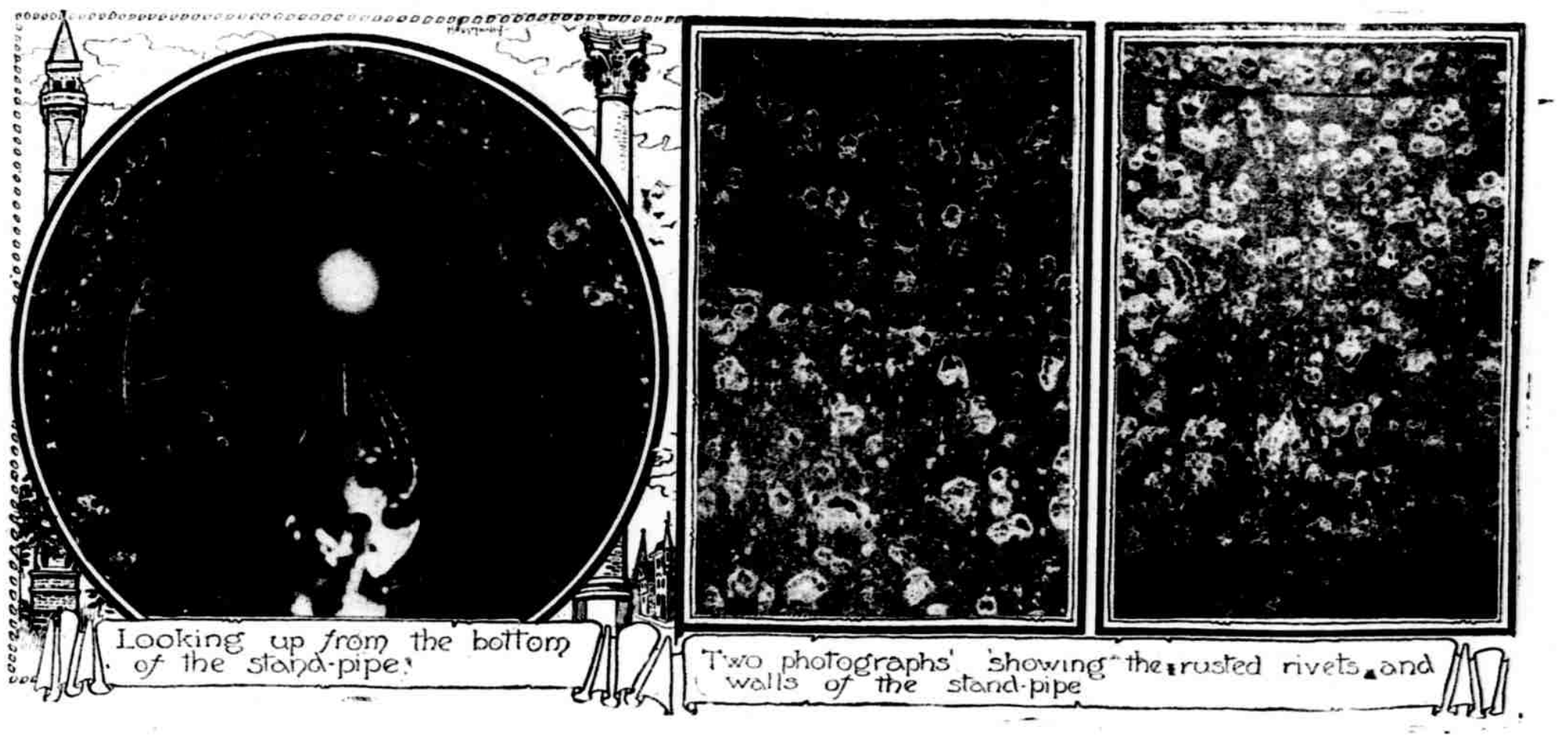
The Major proposes to make his American Restaurant at Paris as much a feature of that show as was the Kentucky Restaurant a feature of the World's Fair. At Chicago he was unable to accommodate the vast crowds who wanted to be fed on Kentucky fare, and if he carries out his plans at the French capital the Major will make the Europeans open their eyes.

He proposes to have jet-black negro waiters, negro cooks and to set the famous "Blue Grass" dinner, making a specialty of cornbread, which he will serve in all styles. He will take along one of the best cornbread cooks in America, whose business it will be to see that every piece of this kind of bread goes on the table just right. He will also have a noted negro chicken cook. It is well known that nobody can cook a chicken as well as a negro, and he will make use of this fact to have the most appetizing dishes prepared from this luscious fowl. Of course he will have all kinds of American dishes, but he proposes to make specialties of corn products and Southern cooking.

Major Gross wants to make the restaurant "American" in all that the name implies, and he believes that when Europeans eat his cornbread and see how good and wholesome it is they will want to know more about it and will ultimately lay aside the hard, black bread of the Continent and substitute the cheaper and healthier corn pone and "egg bread" of America.

INSIDE THE OLDEST WATER PIPE IN ST. LOUIS.

The Camera Preserves Views of the Dismal Place Where G. W. Gross Met Death.



Looking up from the bottom of the stand-pipe.

Two photographs showing the rusted rivets and walls of the stand-pipe

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The inside of one of the great standpipes from which St. Louis people draw the 60,000,000 gallons of water that they daily consume is not an inviting place. It is a dark and damp hole, and danger lurks therein. It was in one of these—one that has been in use for thirty years—that George W. Gross, a Water Department workman, fell to his death on the 23d of February. This is the one at Grand avenue and Twentieth street and is the oldest water pipe still standing in St. Louis. It is now abandoned, temporarily at least.

This pipe rises 151 feet above the level of the street, and the depth from the top of the pipe to the bottom, where the water mains diverge from it, is twenty-three feet more—a total depth of 174 feet. The pipe is made of sheet iron, riveted together. These sheets are now corroded, rotted and incrusted with rust.

The condition of the inside of this tower was not exactly known to the authorities until recently, when the Water Department had two of its attaches enter it and take photographs of the interior. Some of these photographs are herewith reproduced, and they show distinctly the ravages that time and water have made on the iron walls.

These two attaches were Lewis F. Stone and Charles V. Mercereau, and both of them live to tell the tale of the adventure, although there was a period of half an hour when neither of them thought he would ever see any more daylight than the small speck of it that was visible at the top of the pipe, and which he was hungrily watching. But the trouble passed; and the two seekers after information were hauled up to fresh air.

The descent was made by means of a pulley, ropes and an oblong platform. Just before the men entered the pipe they discovered that they had narrowly escaped death. In attaching the ropes to the platform they had been so placed that a careless step to one end or the other would have tipped the platform over and would have sent both men to the bottom of the pipe. Fortunately this was discovered and remedied in time.

It is a dreary, dismal place—the inside of a water pipe. There is no ray of light in it, after a descent of ten or fifteen feet has been made. There are foul odors, and the sides of the pipe are reeking with sticky yellow mud that has detached itself from the millions of gallons of water that have stood in it during the years that it has been in use. It is intensely still inside, until some one inadvertently strikes the iron sides with a hammer, or speaks to his companion. Then the thin walls echo and re-echo the sound and throw it back into the ears of the intruder with a force that deafens him. And with it all is the uncertainty. Suppose a rope should break? or a pulley should fail to work? or the platform should tip? or one should take a step too far?

It is better for the man on the inside of a standpipe to think not of such things. Fear invites disaster.

Mr. Stone thus tells of the trip down the Grand avenue standpipe:

"We got our camera and flashlights ready and got to the top of the pipe. There were men already there with a platform and pulleys and ropes and such things. It was a ticklish place—up there on a narrow space—almost a spot—151 feet above the earth, and it might just as well have been 1,000 for all the difference that it would have made to the man who should tumble. The first thing we did was to do the best we could to take a group photograph of the men who were on top of the pipe. That was not a howling success. There was not room enough to get a proper focus. Then we took a photograph of the interior, looking down from the top. That was not much of a success, either. Daylight only enters the pipe for a few feet, and there was no light to bring out the objects that we sought to photograph. Then we got on the platform and started to make the trip.

"It was an easy matter going down. The rope in the pulleys was new and stiff, but it had been well placed, and we had no trouble in making the descent. Of course, we were not blessed with a feeling of the greatest comfort in the world. We did not know what might happen. But that is of minor importance.

"When we had gone far enough, we stopped to take a photograph of the walls. We had pretty good success at this. The flash lights burned well, and we got good pictures. You will notice from them that the heads of the rivets appear to be eaten away, and that the walls of the pipe are incrusted with rust. But you do not see from the photographs the thick, yellow slime that covers the walls. Perhaps it is dry now, and is only a coating of yellow dirt; but when we were down there it was wet and soft, like the coating that one finds on a log after it has laid in the midst of a Mississippi River bottoms overflow for a fortnight. I touched the wall once, and it felt like snakes. After that I caught at the ropes when I had to catch at anything.

"The incrustations on the wall and the rust-eaten rivets impress one with a feeling of danger. It is so narrow in that pipe—only six feet—and it runs up so high, and the walls are so thin, that one must have a feeling of trepidation when he thinks that in the years that it has been standing there rust has eaten away part of the thickness of the wall, and why not a dangerous part of it?

"After a time we had taken enough photographs of the interior of the pipe, and then we decided to take a picture looking from where we were to the small ring of white that denoted the top. We could not get out of the way of the pulley, try as we would; and we could not take a picture from the direct center of the tower. Had we done so, we should have had a picture of the pulley, and the pulley alone. So we got to one side. Several people who have seen this picture say that it gives them a feeling of dizziness, just as if they themselves were at the bottom of the pipe and were in reality looking upward. It is a queer way photographs have of impressing some people.

"When we started up we found trouble. In some way the new ropes had become twisted and would not run through the pulley. The more we worked at them the worse they seemed to get. Did you ever try to handle a new rope? If you did you will know what a job we had. The thing would kink and twist. It would switch around to the wrong side and stay there, in spite of all pulling and coaxing. It would kink itself into an outlandish knot at the entrance to the pulley and defy all human efforts and arguments to straighten it out. The more we would pull the worse would the kink get. And then, all of a sudden, the thing straightened itself out. There was no more reason for it becoming straight than there was for it becoming kinked. But you can never tell about a new rope. It is as fractious as a young mule, or any other kind of a mule. After we had got the rope straightened out we made the trip to the top in quick time.

"There was no foul air inside the tank. Of course there was an uninviting odor, but there was nothing that suggested the presence of unhealthy vapors. When the flashlights were set off I noticed that the smoke cleared away in a very short while. Afterward I learned that the reason of it was that a water main had been left open during the time that we were in the pipe, and that thus the air was kept in circulation. Had this been done when Gross entered the pipe he would in all probability have been alive now. Had it not been done when we were down there I might not now be telling you this story. Anyhow, we did not take a charcoal stove to the bottom with us when we went, which I understand is what Gross did. Perhaps, however, the people who had charge of the matter at the time that Gross went into the pipe had no more idea of the danger from gas or unhealthy vapors than we had at the time that we descended into it. We never gave it a thought. The next time that I make the trip, however, I shall make sure that the air inside is all right.

"I am not prepared to say how much the rust that is shown in the photograph affects the strength of the standpipe. Perhaps it does not weaken it to any perceptible degree. But the pipe was in use for over thirty years, as I understand it, and during that time it held millions of gallons of water. Since we took the pictures, the inside of the pipe has been scraped and painted, but it is not in use at the present time.

"I am glad that I took the trip into the pipe. It is a novel experience, and one that does not come to everybody. Perhaps everybody is not longing for it. And it is altogether reasonable to suppose that everybody, having taken one trip, would not want to take another one. One feels so helpless inside of such a thing. It is so far to the top, and so far to the bottom; and one can't help but wonder just a little what would happen if the rope should break. There is no way in which to climb up the thing; and, while one might reach the bottom in very expeditious manner, he would hardly be in a position to recommend such a trip to anyone else."

SCIENCE ON ALCOHOLISM.

This Frenchman Presents Facts and Figures to Show That Alcoholism Is Increasing in His Country at an Alarming Rate.

The scourge of alcoholism threatens the civilized world! Such is the astounding conclusion of a French scientist, who has studied the history of Europe for the last half century. His own nation is consuming an extraordinary quantity of alcohol yearly. The very life of the French people is being sapped by the scourge, the scientist affirms. But not alone France, he says, but all Christendom is falling prey to the scourge, and he brings facts and figures to prove his case. Among the symptoms of the scourge he notes are an increase in the number of suicides, of the insane, and of criminals. These general signs of degeneration, he notes, along with more alarming evidences, such as the decrease in the number of births and in the stature of adults in particular localities where alcoholism has attacked the people of whole sections.

"We shudder at the long list of the dead and wounded in South African battles," he says. "As we read the accounts of the ravages of famine, plague, cholera, we are shocked at the number of human beings taken untimely from earth. But to-day there is a scourge far more inimical to the nations of earth than war or pestilence. This scourge of modern society is one of the costs of the extreme civilization of our day. It does not kill its victims in battle array, nor does it work amid the long lines of mourners that stretch out their dark lines in cities ravaged by the plague. But though its action is not so noticeable, it is all the more deadly. Silent, constant, it works on unceasingly. The evil gnaws at the body social like a cancer that works its way certainly and directly to the source of life itself. This scourge is none other than alcoholism."

France's Immense Use of Alcohol.

France, says this Frenchman, is sorely afflicted with this scourge. In 1898, he points out, the French people consumed more than 53,000,000 gallons of alcohol in the form of liquors, bitters and aperitives. This was an average of nine pints for each inhabitant of France—men, women and children. It is calculated that three-quarters of this alcohol is consumed by one-tenth of the inhabitants, so that one out of every ten Frenchmen drinks 200 pints of brandy each year, or eleven pones every day. In this estimate no account is taken of the alcohol contained in lighter liquors, such as wine, cider, beer, etc. If this be considered the average consumption of alcohol in all forms rises to twenty-eight pints of alcohol instead of nine. This tremendous consumption of alcohol has developed only within a few years, for in 1851 the consumption was but three pints per capita.

"What, then, is alcoholism?" this scientist asks. "Alcoholism is not drunkenness, nor does alcoholism result from a moderate use of fermented beverages. In attempting to prove too much there is danger of proving nothing. The man who drinks a few glasses of wine, beer or cider with his dinner, the convalescent who uses wine as a tonic, cannot be included among those subject to alcoholism. Alcoholism, then, is the abuse of alcohol."

Alcohol's Effect on Dumb Animals.

Dumb animals are quickly killed by alcohol. Forty-five grammes of alcohol injected into an eight-pound rabbit will kill it at once. The German "oil of wine," added to some fermented beverages, kills a dog weighing twenty-two pounds, if injected only to the extent of an ounce. The "fine champagnes" are re-enforced by acetic, sulphuric and hydrochloric acids. Essences of cognac give a delicious perfume to brandy, only one hundred or one hundred and fifty grammes being used for two hundred and fifty gallons, but one-hundredth of a gramme injected into a guinea pig will kill it in ten minutes. Those liquors called aperitives require special mention. Vermouth and bitters, the writer says, are all made of the worst kind of alcohol, the taste of which is masked by still more harmful substances. Absinthe surpasses them all in its toxic violence. If we take two globes of gold fish and drop into one six drops of prussic acid and into the other six drops of essence of absinthe the fish in both globes will die, but those getting the absinthe will die first. Yet the vapor of prussic acid will kill a man. Within the last ten years the consumption of absinthe has increased to such an extent in France that five times as much alcohol is used for the manufacture of the "green serpent" as was used ten years ago.

"Though alcohol is always a poison, it may be harmless if taken in very small doses, but the worst feature of its ravages is that they are not always apparent," the French scientist goes on to say. "It works silently, slowly, in such a way that a man may become alcoholic without eve having been warned by any of the phenomena of drunkenness. This is what is called chronic alcoholism. This man alcoholizes himself without knowing it. He is certain that he does not indulge to excess. He takes his aperitive morning and evening. At lunch and dinner he drinks as much as he feels like, ending each meal with a pony. In the afternoon and evening he takes two or three beers and a glass of brandy. Where is the harm? This man is no drunkard; he enjoys the respect of the community. But some fine day, suffering from insomnia and gastric troubles, he goes to consult his physician. The physician finds the cause of the trouble in a moment by various symptoms, and tells his astonished and indignant patient that he is alcoholized. This is the way it goes with thousands upon thousands of business men and laborers. Unconscious of their gradual ruin, they so change their organism that it becomes the easy prey of all diseases. Alcohol has undermined their constitutions so that at the least shock they fall to earth.

How Alcohol Destroys a Man.

"Physicians tell us precisely how alcohol acts on the system. Almost the moment it is swallowed it makes its way through the veins of the stomach into the blood, which it darkens. Its action is immediate, for it has undergone no transformation. It passes away very slowly through the skin, lungs and kidneys, which are irritated by its passage. Once it has been introduced into the body, it performs its deathly work. The digestive apparatus is the first point of attack. The stomach, whether bloated by beer drinking or shrunk by brandy drinking, soon becomes ulcerated, causing hemorrhages. Digestion becomes more difficult, for the gastric juices are diminished in quantity by the paralyzing of the glands.

"The liver becomes congested and swollen, heavy and painful. This is fatty degeneration of the liver. Sometimes the liver shrivels up and is covered with a hard, stony tissue. This is cirrhosis. The taste changes very early, leading to all kinds of aberrations. When an old absinthe drinker was put on a milk diet in a hospital he complained that the milk burned his throat. He managed to get some pure absinthe, which he swallowed, claiming that it refreshed and cooled his throat wonderfully. The circulatory system is no less affected. The arteries become hard and brittle. Accidents which would normally affect only the aged seriously strike down young alcoholized persons. The irritation of the lungs produces a dry cough, tending directly toward tuberculosis. The kidneys, worn out by the accumulation of alcohol, become inflamed, leading to Bright's disease or other kidney affection.

"The worst troubles resulting from alcohol's abuse are those of the nervous system, weakening of memory, nightmares, visions of impossible animals, hallucinations, general paralysis, insanity. Delirium tremens threatens every alcoholic patient. The finest intelligence is soon destroyed by this poison. Superior talents are drowned in the bottle."

The Ruin of Normandy.

Taking up the question of race degeneration, the French scientist states that alcoholism is depopulating Normandy.

"Normandy," he says, "shows the terrific effects of alcoholism more strikingly than any other place on the globe. Ruin and poverty rule in many districts. No more cider is to be found in the saloons; nothing but cheap brandy is called for. When a man goes to market he asks for 4 cents worth of coffee and 20 cents' worth of brandy. When he has time and money he will drink twenty or thirty cups of coffee, accompanied by mixed drinks without number. The women of Norman[illegible] drink even more than the men. The grocer, vegetable dealer, charcoal vender offer brandy as an inducement to 'lady' customers. When the women go to work they take along flasks, which they fill and empty several times a day. To simplify the cooking they take a pint or so of brandy and put a few crumbs of bread in it, and call this soup. The children are not spared. Early they are taught to drink like men. They go to the saloons with their parents and drink brandy as the chief part of their meals. The results are diminution in the number of births and marriages and a tremendous increase in the mortality."

SOME QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE.

Will The Sunday Republic kindly inform some of its readers whether it is the custom in polite society to bow to friends in different parts of the theater or in any promiscuous assembly? If a man bows to a woman under such circumstances is she to be censured for not returning the salute?

MISS MARIGOLD.

A lady should always return a gentleman's bow under any circumstances, for she certainly cannot be misunderstood by so doing, but I do not see why she should be censured, as many women feel very uncomfortable at bowing across the theater or in any public assembly.

Will you kindly answer me through your valuable paper what is the correct form in calling after one has had two afternoon receptions from 4 until 7 o'clock? First—Is the hostess to return at once the calls of those who call on her in those two days, or must she wait until those same people make another call after receptions before the hostess returns those calls? Second—Must the hostess make calls on those who send their cards on the reception days?

A. L. S.

It is more polite always to return calls that have been made, whether on your reception day or immediately afterwards, and you must always take it for granted that a card sent to you on your reception day is in place of a call, and therefore, requires to be returned; but if you are not able to return all the calls you need not feel uncomfortable, because your having invited people to your house in a certain sense puts them under obligations to you.

Will you kindly inform me what is politeness and good breeding, if they are one and the same, and whether they are inherited or acquired?

J. J. B.

Good breeding and politeness really mean the same thing, but good breeding now is construed to mean certain conservative rules which must needs be acquired by education or surroundings. Politeness is more apt to be inherited than acquired, and really comes from wishing to make other people comfortable. It is really cavilling to separate the two terms.

If a young gentleman meets a young lady not walking, whom he knows slightly, would it be considered bad form for him to join her and accompany her to her home?

S. P. G.

I advise you are pretty well acquainted it is not very good form for you to join a young lady and walk with her to her house. It rather implies that you know her well and that she would be glad to have you call upon her. It would be better for you to walk a few blocks and then excuse yourself unless she should ask you to go with her.

Is there any harm in sending a letter to a man at his club, inviting him to dine with you and your husband, if you do not know his wife and do not feel at liberty to include her in the invitation?

R. G. L.

It is certainly a very rude thing to ignore a man's wife by sending an invitation to him at his club. If you do not know her you should ask him if you may call or if he will let her call on you, and then you can include her in the invitation. A woman has every right to feel herself neglected if for no known reason she be left out of the invitation which her husband receives, and the man must be less than a cad who accepts invitations without her.

I am very anxious to get into a rather exclusive whist club that has lately been made up and to which one of my most intimate friends belongs. Would there be any harm in my writing to the president of the club, saying that I know this woman, that she is an old friend of mine and that I want very much to join the club with her?

WHIST PLAYER.

You would be most injudicious in trying to join any club which you have not been invited to become a member of. Your intimate friend, if she had wanted you in the club, could perfectly well have sent in your name. Too chances are that you would be very badly snubbed and be made to feel quite uncomfortable if you were to make any such application as you propose.

Would it be bad form for a girl to go to the theater and to supper with a man whom she knew all about, but had only met two or three times?

L. B. M.

It would not be considered good form for her to go to the theater and supper with any man who is not a near relative or a very old friend. There is always a great deal of comment made if a man and a girl who are not well acquainted go to the theater and to supper, and it is an easy matter to ask a third person, or to leave out the supper part of it altogether.

Can colored handkerchiefs be carried by people in deep mourning? I have lately seen some women in deep crape with handkerchiefs edged with purple and embroidered with purple flowers, and I thought they looked very pretty.

SLIGHT MOURNING.

It is most incorrect to carry colored handkerchiefs while you are wearing crape. Purple is second mourning, but is not worn until crape is left off. Black-edged or white pocket handkerchiefs are the only correct ones to use while wearing deep mourning.

Would there be any harm in my sending a buttonhole bouquet twice a week to a young man I am about to be engaged to, and who is very fond of flowers?

F. T.

It is not a very good plan to bestow gifts or any marked attention upon any young man of your acquaintance unless you really are engaged to him, but you seem to be quite sure of the young man, and although it may not be a judicious proceeding, he will, if he is the right sort of young man, receive the gift in the proper spirit. I should not advise your sending a very conspicuous boutonniere.

FOR THE FRESH AIR MISSION.

The Fresh Air Mission will give an entertainment on March 29, at the Fourteenth Street Theater, for the benefit of the fund. The Honey Boy Minstels, with Mr. G. M. Ravold as interlocutor, Messrs. J. D. Ravold, Garth, Billingsley and Steer as end men, will be a feature of the evening. The Knickerbocker Quartet of the Apollo Club will sing, and Mr. H. N. Poepping will have direction of the music. The opening chorus will be adapted from "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "The Wedding Day." Mr. T. Percy Carr, Mrs. F. W. Ravier and Mrs. G. W. Lubke constitute the committee in charge.

THE KNICKERBOCKER QUARTET.

The South Sea Bubble.

From Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

The advances in science lead to hopes of the sudden accumulation of gold, just as the discovery of new worlds led our ancestors to invest in many inflated enterprises of commerce and conquest. This older temptation has passed away, for there are no new worlds to discover, and this small globe has been practically staked out; but the mysterious domains of science are still illimitable, and afford vast opportunities for inflated schemes which have their prototype in the South Sea Bubble.

Let us refresh our memory of this surprising delusion. It arose in the reign of Queen Anne, nearly 180 years ago, and when we consider the extent of the speculation and gambling which it caused and the number of those who lost everything and who consigned their families to bitter poverty, we are tempted to class it with those other calamities which preceded it and which afflicted England so heavily—the great fire of London and the plague. The South Sea Company claimed to have enormous sources of profit in certain exclusive privileges, obtained from the Spanish Government, for trading in their possessions in South America and Mexico; and it may be well for us in these times of the flotation of schemes for obtaining gold from salt water and from sands, of power from air and something more ethereal than air, to be reminded of the many bubbles that came into existence and burst at the time of the collapse of the South Sea Bubble.

The stock of the South Sea Company rose from 100 to 1,000, and an army of future victims crowded the offices of the company, anxious to invest in what they believed would suddenly enrich them. Indeed, all England seemed to go mad, and the craze of the time is reflected in the writings of Pope and Swift.